

Children's Newspaper

Every Wednesday—Threepence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

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FOURTEEN MEN ON A STORM-SWEPT ISLAND

One of the world's windiest spots

FOURTEEN Australians who spent a year on bleak and lonely Heard Island, far away in the south of the Indian Ocean, had to endure conditions of the greatest severity. They set up a weather station on the island, and their experiences are vividly described by one of the party, Mr. Arthur Scholes, in his book, *Fourteen Men* (Allen & Unwin, 15s.).

PILLAR BOX THAT BUZZED

The latest annual report of the City Council of Pretoria contains an amusing item.

It relates how a young native girl, unacquainted with city ways, was sent to post a letter "in the red box" down the street.

She came to a red box and opened it, looking for somewhere to put in the letter. Then she saw a key and turned it. Instantly there was a buzzing sound. She listened in pleased surprise and, when the buzzing stopped, turned the key again and waited for more.

Instead, three fire-engines came roaring down the street and pulled up near her. She found herself surrounded by big men in shining helmets asking where the fire was.

Tearfully the little girl explained that she had thought the fire-alarm was "the red box" for letters.

For L Swimmers

Technicians think that it should be possible to make a buoyant bathing suit out of a new expanded plastic material.

A life-saving vest in this material, no bigger than an ordinary waistcoat, will support an unconscious man with his face up, thus preventing him from drowning. The plastic is so buoyant that a bathing suit of it would support a bather learning to swim.

Keen Sweep



Once a year Harry Cowley, a Brighton chimney sweep, wears a top hat to work—on the anniversary of the day on which he completed his apprenticeship.

The 14 men certainly found plenty of weather to study, for Heard Island is one of the windiest places in the world. Often the lashed-down huts shook and rattled in icy cyclones, and even in summer there were snow and dust storms together—snow from the clouds and dust from the ground.

Heard Island, which is about 25 miles long and nine wide, lies far to the south-west of Australia, across the wildest and loneliest seas in the world. The explorers put up a notice on their "post office," which read: "The nearest phone booth is at the corner of Mitchell Street and Basselton Road, Fremantle, W.A., 2400 miles away."

LONG UNINHABITED

The island is thought to have been first sighted in 1833 by the British explorer Captain Peter Kemp. Later it was visited by seal-hunters, but it had been uninhabited for many years when the Australian expedition went there.

The island is dominated by an ice-clad mountain, Big Ben, which the expedition found to be 9005 feet high.

Mr. Scholes and his comrades carried their gear to the island in a ship built during the war for landing tanks. Even so, they had the greatest difficulty in getting themselves and their equipment ashore on the rocky coast.

No sooner had they succeeded than a gale wrecked the aeroplane they had brought with them.

TOILING LIKE BEAVERS

Mr. Scholes records, ironically, that his friends in Australia, when told he was off for a year's "holiday" on Heard Island, asked: "What on earth are you going to do all the time you're away?" The explorers had to toil like beavers to erect their huts and store their provisions before winter wrapped Heard Island in its winter garb.

They had a strangely assorted audience, some inquisitive, some merely bored. Thousands of seals, penguins, sea leopards, sheathbills, skuas, and other birds—all with little or no fear of mankind—watched their efforts.

Of course, the penguins were the most friendly of the island's "natives." One of them, a king penguin, graciously permitted himself to be led to the camp by two of the men with a flipper in each of their hands.

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JUMP TO IT!

Netball provides the W.R.A.C. Territorials with healthy exercise and relaxation during an off-duty break at Shorncliffe Training Camp, Kent.



Ships could sail to the Prairies

Canada and the United States have been discussing a joint scheme to develop the water power of the Great Lakes feeding the St. Lawrence, and to construct an improved seaway from the Great Lakes to the North Atlantic.

Though approved by President Truman, the scheme is meeting stubborn resistance from some sections in the States, chiefly among the railway companies, small shipowners, and bargeowners who benefit by the present limitation of Ocean-to-Lakes transport to comparatively small vessels.

30-YEAR-OLD SCHEME

The scheme was first recommended by a joint commission in 1921. A treaty for construction was signed in 1932, and the project again agreed in 1941. Recently, however, it reached a deadlock, being rejected by the Public Works committee of the U.S. House of Representatives.

Now, although President Truman and the Prime Minister of Canada, Mr. St. Laurent, have jointly announced that Canada is prepared to go ahead on her own, the seaway is still held up because only with American consent can the level of waterways in the international areas be altered.

It is intended first to develop hydro-electric power to help industrial development both in Eastern Canada and in the highly mechanised New York State.

Afterwards a seaway would be constructed by which big, modern ships could freely pass from the Atlantic right into the heart of the prairies.

CHEAPER TRANSPORT

If all the present waterways were to be deepened to 30 feet (the present depth of the Welland Ship Canal, which by-passes the Niagara Falls) the biggest cargo-vessels could bring Canadian wheat right from the prairies to Britain at a reduced cost.

A new and urgent reason for the new St. Lawrence Seaway is that it would afford Americans cheap and easy access to the newly-discovered iron ore in Quebec and Labrador. Already their industries are looking to this region to replace the diminishing reserves of iron ore in Minnesota. So it is hoped that Congress will soon agree to the project.

North Pole to have a pole

What could be a more appropriate Christmas gift for the North Pole than a real pole? It is to receive one next month.

The donor is an oil worker of Alaska named Stan Garson. Like many other people Stan often felt it was a pity there was not a real pole at the North Pole.

He decided that one must be placed there, and he persuaded some engineering friends to make a pole, nine feet long, out of some oil-well casing. On this a welder wrote with his torch: *North Pole*

by Stan. They had it enamelled with red and white stripes and painted the ball on top blue.

The next thing was to get it despatched. The American Air Force declined the job, but a civil company, Alaska Airlines, have agreed to drop it at the right place in November. With it will be dropped letters from Alaskan children addressed to "Santa Claus, North Pole."

Let us hope Santa Claus stands aside when the pole arrives, for it weighs 300 lbs.

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SHADOWS ACROSS THE SUDAN

By the C.N. Diplomatic Correspondent

EIGHT million people have suddenly become anxious about the future of their country. They are the people of the Sudan, whose future wellbeing is endangered by their neighbours' action in tearing up the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty and declaring Farouk "King of Egypt and the Sudan."

The story of the Sudanese people is largely the story of the River Nile—mysterious Mother Nile to peoples who would be living in parched desert if it stopped flowing.

Here is the source of a trouble that is now stirring the world. It lies in the fear of the Egyptians that dams could be built in the Sudan and the Nile stemmed so that much of its life-giving waters would not reach Egypt.

There is only one country where this could be done—the Sudan, a land as large as Western Europe lying across the upper reaches of the Nile before it gets to Egypt.

For years the Egyptians have brooded over this aspect of the situation, and to deal with it they have prepared what they consider a master stroke.

FIFTY YEARS OF PROGRESS

The master stroke was delivered suddenly and without warning when their Government declared their King Farouk to be also King of the Sudan.

Britain herself has a big responsibility in the Sudan, because she has shared with Egypt in ruling the country since the condominium agreement of 1899.

Step by step the British have tried to teach the Sudanese people how to govern themselves, and promised that as soon as they could do so they should have their own chosen form of Government and full independence.

Now, however, the Egyptians have forced the issue, and in the outcome much will depend on the view the Sudanese themselves take of the situation.

What sort of people are these inhabitants of a country that includes a vast wilderness, part of it desert and part swamp.

A PROUD PEOPLE

The majority are Arabic-speaking Moslems, but in the south are pagan Negroes. The majority are chocolate-brown—darker than the Egyptians, who regard them rather as country cousins. Like most countrymen the Sudanese take great pride in their cleanliness, and they are noted for their honesty.

Those of them who feel an urge for town life go to Cairo and Alexandria and other big towns in Egypt lying to the north of their own country, where the owners of Egyptian shops give them jobs as cashiers in preference to their own people.

"The Sudanese never try to take money that does not belong to them," say the shrewd Egyptian businessmen, who are always wary of tricksters.

At this moment the Sudanese may well be wondering if Egypt is not offering them a very bad bargain.

If they accept King Farouk as overlord of the Sudan they may think that they are being offered

virtual independence, and that King Farouk will not interfere overmuch in Sudan affairs.

Actually, the Egyptian Government have worded their decree so that King Farouk would have quite strong powers over the future control of their country.

Hearing that the crowds in Cairo have been shouting, "One King, one Crown, one Nile," the wisest among the Sudanese must realise that Egypt is not being quite so generous as she makes out.

They must think, too, of the schools, the hospitals, the roads, and the crops that the British officials have helped them to develop, and all the Governmental posts that are now theirs by right.

Under Britain, self-government has been making great strides in the Sudan. Could it come into being under Egypt?

Knotty problem



There is a right and a wrong way to tie a knot. These three Sea Rangers at Dartmouth are learning the right way on a motor-torpedo-boat which they themselves have fitted out.

STORM-SWEPT ISLAND

Continued from page 1

Penguins came into the huts, wandered round, peering nosily into cupboards and gazing in awe at the meteorological instruments. When the wireless was switched on, a penguin stood motionless in front of it for ten minutes—surely a compliment to Australian broadcasting!

Skuas proved to be birds with powerful digestions. A party of them ate the gelignite fuse prepared for blowing the tops off empty oil drums. It was confidently expected that they would expire, but next morning they were still hunting for scraps!

Winter often kept the scientists blizzard-bound in their huts, but they carried on their valuable work. Although life was hard, and they faced hazards in exploring the island, they found it all a tremendous adventure and returned to Australia with a valuable store of information about this little-known part of the world.

WHAT HAPPENS AFTER ELECTION DAY

Who is going to win the election? That is what we all want to know. But unless there is a "landslide" we shall not know until perhaps the last day of this week.

If the majority of the electors vote for a new Government certain set rules will be followed. In the present two-party state of British politics only the official Opposition, the Conservatives, would have the strength to form a Government if the Labour Party were defeated at the polls. The Liberal Party had too few candidates in the field to be sure of getting enough returned to form a Cabinet.

So at the first opportunity, if the election results showed that the Opposition would get a majority, their leader, Mr. Churchill, would draw up a list of Ministers willing to serve under him.

They would be mainly members of the Shadow Cabinet. The term explains itself. When a party is "in opposition" its former Ministers usually sit on the Opposition front bench in the Lords and Commons.

It does not follow that all these would be called to form a new Ministry, for the leader (who becomes Prime Minister) can promote whom he pleases from his own back benches. He can also invite members of other anti-Government parties to join him, and even Independents who belong to no party.

He can also ask members of the defeated party to join the new Ministry.

We have not had a change of Government—as distinct from a change of Parliament—since 1945. The last act of a defeated Government is to resign, through its Prime Minister, who surrenders the seals of office to the King. The King then exercises his right to choose the new Prime Minister.

The new Prime Minister then goes to Buckingham Palace to receive the seals and submit the names of his Ministers, who, their authority endorsed by the King, take over their departments. There is, in effect, no interval between the end of one Government and the advent of a new one.

A Government sustained in office by the vote of the people continues to administer the country—a process that has not been broken by the election.

PARLIAMENT has not sat, except for an hour or two in a Pro-rogation ceremony, since the early days of August. This is a long period in times like these.

So the new Parliament—Lords and Commons—will meet next Wednesday (October 31), the Commons to elect a Speaker and to swear allegiance to the reigning King.

On November 6 Parliament will be opened by a Royal Commission deputising for the King, and the Lord Chancellor will read the King's Speech.

News From Everywhere

NO DANGER

The Department of Scientific and Industrial Research has reported that the danger of television aerials being struck by lightning is negligible.

The late Mr. W. K. Kellogg, the breakfast food manufacturer, gave several million dollars during his lifetime to the Kellogg Foundation, dedicated to the welfare of young people.

Lord Rowallan has travelled nearly 120,000 miles on visits to Scouts in the British Commonwealth and Empire since becoming Chief Scout in 1945. Early next year he will make a tour of the Caribbean, Bermuda, and the Bahamas.

Hitch-hiking by Scouts has been strongly condemned by the International Scout Conference. A similar view was expressed by Scout Headquarters in Britain a year ago.

Magic Box room

A plaque is to be fixed to the wall of 22 Frith Street, Soho, where, in 1926 the first demonstration of television was given by J. L. Baird in a small back room.

Dagenham Girl Pipers band recently celebrated their 21st anniversary.

Penrhyn Castle, a 19th-century mansion near Bangor in North Wales, has been acquired by the National Trust, together with 40,617 acres of agricultural and mountain land of great beauty. It affords extensive views over Anglesey, the mountains, and the open sea.

A De Havilland Comet jet airliner has flown from London to Singapore in 24 hours 47 minutes. The actual flying time was 18 hours 47 minutes, and the average flying speed was 426 m.p.h.

SCHOOLGIRL ORGANIST

A 14-year-old schoolgirl, Anne Thirtle, has been appointed organist of a new Methodist Church at West Runton, Norfolk.

Lady Burnham, Deputy Chief Commissioner of Girl Guides since 1948, is to succeed the Hon. Lady Cochrane, who is retiring as Chief Commissioner at the end of her 10-year term and will become President of the Girl Guides.

His two jobs

The stationmaster at Bassen-thwaite Lake station is also the postmaster, the village post office having been closed.

The British motor-cycle industry confidently expects to pass last year's record export figure of 70,000. Already this year 65,000 machines have been shipped abroad, chiefly to Canada, Australia, and the United States.

Birchwood Grange, a Cardiff mansion, has been bought by the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire for use as a students' hostel.

That popular British dish, fish and chips, is being introduced into Norway. A Norwegian cook is applying for a currency permit to import the frying equipment needed.

WORLD'S OLDEST VILLAGE

American archaeologists in Iraq claim they have unearthed the oldest village in the world. It is thought that it dates from 5000 B.C.

Magnesium extracted from sea water is being exported from works recently opened near Workington, Cumberland.

The Australian Public Service Federation has asked the Federal Government to introduce marriage loans free of interest, with a maximum period of 20 years for repayment.

Lewisham Ballet Theatre Club is to stage a Road Safety ballet. Members will dress as traffic signals, beacons, and other road signs.

Politeness pays

Plain-clothes police officers at King's Lynn, Norfolk, will take photographs during November and December whenever they observe instances of careful and courteous road use. The photographs will be exhibited, and those road-users ringed on them will receive prizes.

A Westminster City Council by-law prohibiting street photographers from "soliciting passers-by for custom" comes into effect on November 1.

A carp caught at Ross-on-Wye weighed 31½ lbs., and is believed to be the heaviest ever caught in Britain.

Something to TREASURE

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The Children's Newspaper, October 27, 1951

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OLD TIMER IN THE THAMES

A sturdy little schooner, the Gustaf, recently came into London with a cargo of wood from Finland.

Built 74 years ago as a barque by the famous clipper builders, Hall of Aberdeen, the Gustaf was originally the Elissa, and sailed out of Liverpool for 20 years. Before reaching her Finnish owners she flew the flags of Norway and Sweden. She still carries three small sails—a jib, a triangular foresail, and a mainsail—but has an auxiliary oil engine.

Sails are still made on board, and the Master's saloon, with its shining oil lamps in gimbals, panelled walls, and red plush upholstery, is still much as it was in 1877. But the Gustaf's masts have been cut down, and her graceful clipper bow replaced by a blunt steamer bow, so that only an expert eye will recognise in this little ship a once-graceful sailing vessel.

PRIZES FOR HERRING DRIFTERS

Scottish and English crews now engaged in the East Anglian herring fishery are competing for prizes to be awarded at the end of the season by Madame Prunier, owner of a London restaurant.

The drifter landing the largest single night catch will be decorated with a metal herring at her mast-head, and the skipper will receive a trophy, sculptured in Purbeck marble.

In addition, the skipper will be presented with a silver cigarette box, and members of his crew with silver ashtrays. All will be engraved with the name of their drifter and the date of the winning catch.

A second prize of £25 will be divided between the crew of the drifter landing the rival nation's biggest catch.

PAPER CHASE

Everyone loves a paper chase. Here is one that is well worth while—a waste-paper chase. The mills need all you can collect.



Hull's Home Service

These young people of Hull run their own broadcasting station on a "closed circuit." Their programmes, for home consumption only, are relayed from one room to another.

MAN OF DEVON DOWN UNDER

A village boy from Stoke-Canon, near Exeter, who emigrated to New Zealand as long ago as 1886 is still as active as ever. He is 90-year-old Mr. J. B. Tonar.

He still milks his cow night and morning and looks after his garden at Northcote, a seaside suburb of Auckland. He is a former Mayor of Northcote.

Coming from Devon, it was not surprising that he went in for growing strawberries for market, and also kept pedigree Jersey cattle and raised poultry.

As a lad in Stoke-Canon Mr. Tonar was apprenticed to the ironmongery trade. He recalls that he worked 12 hours a day five days a week, and nine hours on Saturdays.

When he heard a lecture about New Zealand he decided to emigrate. With a fellow emigrant he cleared 30 acres of land at Northcote and began market-gardening.

MAKING THINGS GROW

A new exhibit recently installed at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, shows the benefit of phosphate rock to modern farming.

Quarried on Ocean Island and Nauru, two small islands in the Western Pacific, phosphate rock goes chiefly to Australia and New Zealand to be made into fertilisers. The new model at the Imperial Institute sets out a farm in miniature, and shows by coloured relief-models the marked difference in produce grown with and without these aids to nature.

OLDEST GOLF CLUB

The clubhouse of the Royal Blackheath Club, said to be the "oldest golf club in the world," has been scheduled as of historic importance. On the heath here King James I played golf.

The building, over 300 years old, is being restored and placed on a concrete foundation to secure it for the future.



Doing their best

These Bournemouth Wolf Cubs were only pretending, but they turned out very smartly during a fire-drill display.

SIR DOUGLAS MAWSON HONOURED

Honoured in his time by six countries and innumerable scientific societies, Sir Douglas Mawson has gained further recognition, this time closer home.

Adelaide University has decided to name one of its buildings after this famous Antarctic explorer, who has been Geology and Mineralogy Professor at the university for the past 30 years.

The new building, the Mawson Laboratories, will house in its two stories and basement a new economics and mining geology department as well as lecture rooms and laboratories.

Sir Douglas Mawson at 69 is still as active as ever, and plays a prominent role in connection with the Australian Government's isolated outposts at Heard and Macquarie Islands.

GALLANT'S THE WORD FOR TUGS

Watching the fine picture made by a tug as she pulls a ship through the docks, have you wondered how such a small vessel can perform this feat?

The power of tugs is not in their size, but in their engines: the Queen Elizabeth's tugs, for instance, can each develop 1800 h.p. Another fact which may surprise you is that tugs are by no means confined to harbours. Many of them are "ocean-going," and can tow salvage many thousands of miles, and in any kind of weather.

Read Gallant's The Word For Tugs, one of many interesting and educative features in World Digest for November, on sale now, 1s. 3d.

WHALE ON A TRAIN

A whale weighing 120 tons was recently taken by train from Bergen to Oslo; it was on its way to Denmark to appear in an exhibition.

It travelled in a special wagon on the mountain railway, and thousands of Norwegian countryfolk waited for hours to see the strange passenger.

Some 14,000 lbs. of formalin were used to preserve the whale.

NEW COLLIERY

One of the largest collieries in Britain is to be established at Lea Hall Farm, two miles from Rugeley, on the Lichfield road. It will eventually produce 1,500,000 tons of coal a year and it is expected that a power station will also be built. The farm has just been bought by the National Coal Board. It is well known to Methodists as the scene of great rallies.



Rockfist says—Hurry, get your name in NOW!

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coupon for your badge, membership card and a copy of the Rockfist Gen Book, packed with information including top secret stuff known only to club members.

Applications have been so heavy that we may soon have to call a halt for a time.

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We cannot accept your application if you do not enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Overseas members should send an International Reply Coupon instead of stamping their return envelopes.

PORTABLE HOME FOR U.N.

When the General Assembly of the United Nations meets in Paris next month the delegates will gather in a great portable building which has been erected near the Eiffel Tower. The principle adopted in its construction allows for the dismantling of the building and its re-erection whenever and wherever it is needed.

It is something quite new in big buildings. Prefabricated floors, ceilings, walls, doors, and windows all fit into the four-storey steel framework, and make the dismantling of the building comparatively simple.

Four of the 12 committee-rooms will hold 500 people, and there are 600 offices. Reports in five languages will come from the printing works included in the building, and 3000 telephones can be operated from a central switch-board.

BOSWELL THE JOURNALIST

An engraving of James Boswell has been presented to the London Press Club.

It is an appropriate gift, for Dr. Johnson's biographer was also a very busy journalist; he wrote for no fewer than 19 newspapers and magazines, and used as many as 47 pen-names.

In the engraving, which was made by Thomas Rowlandson after a drawing by Samuel Collings, Boswell is shown with pockets bulging with papers.

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Young naturalists

Mr. F. M. Speed, biology master at South Hackney Central School, is sure of an interested audience when he talks to members of the school's Pet Club. He is using enlarged models of insects made by the pupils themselves.

THE KINDLY PHILIP DODDRIDGE

On a late October day 200 years ago, a kindly English preacher lay sick in Portugal, thinking of a little chapel far away on Castle Hill, Northampton. He was Philip Doddridge, a liberal-minded clergyman who wrote many fine hymns and had a great influence on his generation.

Doddridge was a nonconformist minister who in many ways was ahead of his times. He deplored

bigotry and wanted all nonconformists to unite. It is said, too, that he was the first to suggest nonconformist foreign missions.

But it is chiefly as a hymn-writer that Doddridge is remembered. Many thousands of troubled hearts have been comforted by his beautiful lines:

*O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this earthly pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led . . .*

At Northampton, where he ministered for 22 years, he started a charity school and helped to found the county infirmary. He also proposed the founding of a society for distributing Bibles among poor people.

He won many friends outside his own flock, and when, a very sick man, he went to Bristol for a cure, the Bishop of Worcester offered him his carriage. His friends subscribed money to send him on a sea voyage to Portugal, hoping that would restore him to health. But it was not to be, and he died in Lisbon on October 26, 1751, and there in the English cemetery he was buried.

THE PRICE OF FREEDOM

Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers in Europe (S.H.A.P.E. for short) has chosen *Vigilia pretium libertatis* (Vigilance is the price of freedom) as the motto for its new badge to be worn by all permanent personnel.

The badge, of gold on a field of green, is in the shape of a shield bearing crossed swords, with the inscription on twined leaves above; below are 12 rays representing the members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation.

The shield is also in the centre of the green flag now flying over headquarters, outside Versailles.

Have You Ordered Your C.N.?

Ask your newsagent to reserve a copy for you each week, and so avoid disappointment.

PIED PIPER TOWN

*Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city . . .*

and in Hamelin town they still commemorate an event which is said to have happened there in the 14th century.

For many years, during the summer months, there has been on Sundays a procession in costume of "rats" and children following the pied piper round the town. The custom was dropped during the war, but has been revived.

This year a local teacher wrote a short play of the story which has been enacted in the Town Hall square at noon every Sunday since May.

The first scene shows the people of Hamelin complaining to the Burgomeister, or Mayor, who promises a reward to anyone ridding the town of rats. Then the piper appears and offers to do this for a thousand guilders.

LAUGHTER AND TEARS

He pipes a tune and the "rats" run from their hiding-places and follow him. There is a scene of great rejoicing, ending with the refusal to pay the piper.

Then, as the legend tells, the piper plays again, and this time all the children follow him, dancing and skipping merrily. Then comes the lamentation of the townspeople, and a final scene of the merrymaking inside the hill where the piper led all the children except for the lame boy who could not keep up with the rest.

There are still to be seen in Hamelin various mementoes of this old story; a statue of the Pied Piper near the river; the piper's cave across the River Weser; and Bungalow Street, from which most of the children are reputed to have come. To this day no strolling musician plays down that street.

EXPLANATION

There used to be a Pied Piper clock in Hamelin which, at noon, gave a performance of the story by mechanical figures, but it was destroyed during the war.

This old legend is said to be connected with the Children's Crusade of that time. Possibly the story grew up as a means of explaining the disappearance of the children of the town.

They are said to have reappeared out of the hill somewhere in Bavaria, where there is a village of people speaking with a similar accent to that of Hamelin. This again links with the Crusade story, as it is likely that all the children from one area would settle down together when they realised the hopelessness of their task, and grew too weary to go on farther.

In any case, the story of Hamelin's "Rattenfänger Piper" has been as well known in England as it is in Germany since Robert Browning immortalised it in his poem.

Eighteen of the 21 children on lonely Pitcairn Island are Boy Scouts or Girl Guides. Thomas Christian, a direct descendant of Fletcher Christian, who led the mutiny on the *Bounty* in 1789, is the Scouts' patrol leader.

BIRDS IN THE NEWS

By Craven Hill, C.N. Correspondent at the London Zoo

ONE of the London Zoo's handsomest birds, a three-foot West African crowned crane, tried to escape, but got a bath instead.

Taking off from its Ostrich House compound in a breeze, the crane soared 50 feet in the air and headed for the nearby park. Its wing-power, however, was insufficient to keep it airborne, and the bird fell to earth—or rather to water, for it landed with a splash in the middle of the sea-lions' pool.

This forced landing gave two young sea-lions, sunning themselves on the bank, the shock of their lives, and sent them flapping frantically to their respective mothers!

Unable to swim, the crane floundered helplessly in mid-pool until it was rescued by Headkeeper Hexter, of the Ostrich House, who had been watching the bird's adventure.

"The crane was none the worse for its ducking," Mr. Hexter told me later. "The only part of him to suffer damage was his crown. The bushy crest of slender, bristle-like filaments which normally surrounds the bird's head like a halo had wilted in all directions, giving the bird a curiously bald-headed appearance."

ANOTHER Zoo bird in the news just now is Old Bill, the Australian slender-billed cockatoo at the Parrot House, who is about to celebrate his 100th birthday.

Despite his great age, Old Bill is still a good entertainer. Although at times a little unsteady on his feet, he still contrives to talk and dance. His repertoire includes singing selections from various operas in a high-pitched soprano voice, but he often breaks off in the middle of a song to utter a stream of abuse.

Old Bill has many amusing phrases, his most surprising one being, "You red-headed old rat!" He often atones for this unmannerly outburst, however, by inviting the visitor to "Give us a kiss!"

AN interesting newcomer at the bird house is a tame young partridge given by Mrs. C. Gunning, of Great Barton, Bury St. Edmunds.

In a letter to the authorities offering them the bird Mrs. Gunning said she hatched the partridge from an egg which she found in the hedge bordering a Suffolk field.

"I took it home and put it under a bantam," she writes. "When it hatched I kept the chick indoors and hand-fed it. As a result of this coddling, it has become delightfully tame."

The Zoo sent a keeper to Liverpool Street station to collect the young partridge, which has been put in an indoor aviary. The bird, now three months old, runs to the keeper regularly to take insect food from his hand, and would be similarly friendly with visitors, no doubt, if they had access to it.

THE Reptile House has lost one of its oldest inmates, Old Neb, the Nile soft-shelled turtle, who has been found dead in his pool.

Old Neb had been living in the Gardens for 37 years, having arrived from Egypt just before the First World War. He then measured about a foot and weighed 20 lbs. At his death he measured 44 inches and weighed 97½ lbs.

Old Neb was no pet, however. He had a vicious bite, and only four years ago was removed from the pool of the gharials (fresh-water crocodiles) because he kept biting their feet.

Recently, he had been living with some large alligators, for whom he had a healthy respect. But few visitors noticed him, for his large shell was covered with algae (a vegetable growth) which made him look like a piece of the rockwork.

FLEET STREET'S BUSY BEES

Bees have been busy in Fleet Street this year. A hive was put on the roof of the British Bee Journal offices six months ago, and the bees have regularly visited the flowers on bombed sites in the neighbourhood.

Altogether they have produced 60 lbs. of honey this year, and 12 jars have already been presented to the King.

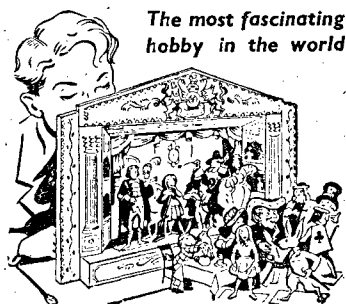


Biggest customer

Rusty, the Zoo's newly-acquired riding elephant from Ceylon, accepts some extra rations from actress Patricia Morison.

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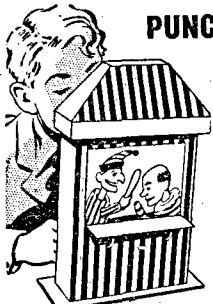


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The Children's Newspaper, October 27, 1951

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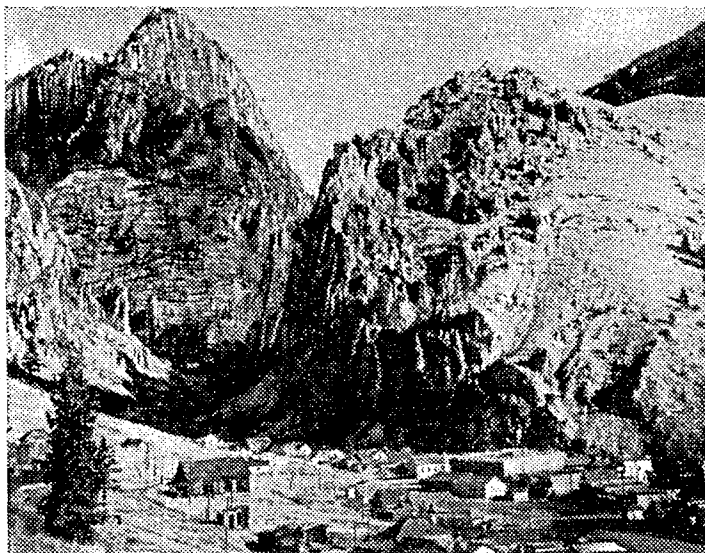
An English Girl Takes a Bus to the Wild West

I AM only now beginning to realise the vastness of this continent. In two weeks I have travelled nearly another 2000 miles, yet I have touched on but five more of the 48 States and am still only about four-fifths of my way to the west coast.

It is an impressive, and at times almost frightening thought, for every one of these States could be a country in itself, with its own customs and accents, its own industries, and variations of climate.

WITH traffic diversions and various "stopovers" (a term much favoured among bus travellers) the first stretch of my journey took the best part of two days. I had been invited to Colorado Springs, in the Rocky Mountains, but my departure had been postponed because of floods in Missouri and Kansas. Now I could appreciate why an earlier start would have been impossible.

Washed down sandbags and piles of furniture and driftwood told their own tales of destruction. Cars abandoned by the roadside were silted to the roof, and houses had collapsed with the pressure of water against their wooden sides.



A typical little mining town among the Rocky Mountains in Colorado

SHEILA GODFREY, a young journalist who is describing for C N readers her journey across the United States by bus, here records some impressions of Colorado, Texas, and Arizona.

From the stockyards of Kansas City thousands of cattle had been swept away on the tide. Raging fires had broken out where oil-drums had floated into overhead lines and exploded.

Acres of grain still lay under water and completely ruined—and the never-ending flatness of these acres has to be seen to be believed.

Among us passengers, conversation turned from floods to southern hurricanes and the deep winter snows of the north, and for the first time in my life I was grateful for the weather we have in Britain!

IT was exciting to be going west into the cattle country. I was thrilled when at last we changed buses and a crowd of cowboys got on wearing ten-gallon hats and high-heeled boots. They looked less fancy but every bit as tall and

bronzed as the films would have us believe!

In Colorado Springs there were even more of them, as well as pseudo-cowboys in tasseled shirts from the "dude" or holiday ranches nearby. It was rodeo week, and there were to be nightly performances of bareback riding and calf roping and all the other events that go to make up this typically western entertainment.

Colorado Springs lies nearly 6000 feet high in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains—which deserve their name, for they are red and grey and gravelly, with huge boulders and treacherous rock-faces above the timber line.

It is a clean and prosperous-looking town that drew its wealth from the gold rushes of the late 19th century. Now, so they say, it provides a resort where wealthy Texans can cool off in the summer.

THE Rocky Mountain region is fast developing in importance, but the rapidly-increasing population is bringing its own problems. During my visit water supplies were so low that there were strict regulations concerning its use.

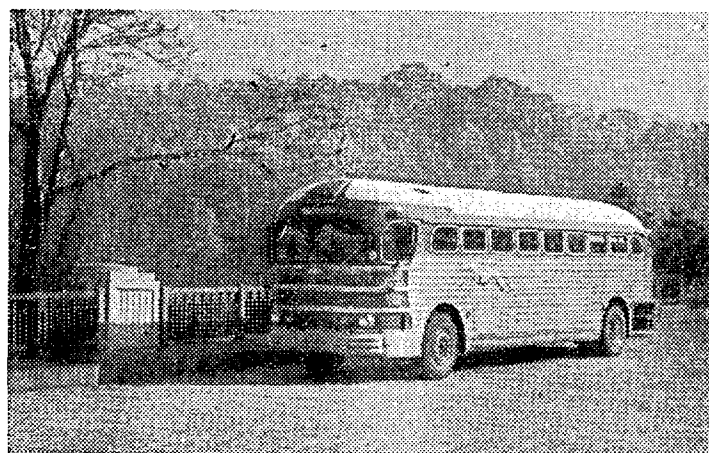
Here in Colorado the Texans have a reputation as fabulous as in other parts of the country, where their toughness and their extravagances and their self-importance are a sort of national joke. If the joke can be given a political twist, so much the better.

They tell of a man in Dallas, Texas, who was knocked down for complaining of the President: "Yeah, an' he raised our taxes!"

"Sorry, pardner," apologised his assailant as he picked himself up. "Thought y'said he was raised in Texas!"

DESPITE the warnings of my northern friends ("The devil himself was given the choice 'tween hell and Texas"), I was delighted at an invitation to see for myself at least something of the State.

I only got as far as the Panhandle, the wheat-growing section



In buses like this one our contributor is crossing America

that juts up between New Mexico and Oklahoma. But even that was sufficient to enable me to appreciate something of this incredible State.

In Amarillo, for example, a house has been fitted with special drip-pipes so that decorative icicles will form over the window panes in winter. By contrast, it was so hot during my stay that I was forced to spend the greatest part of each day in the basement, emerging at night when the wind blew cooler.

THE history of Texas—as, indeed, of all the south-west—makes fascinating reading. The largest State in the union—its area is a 12th of the whole country—it is also the only one to have entered as an independent republic.

Its vast prairies were formerly the hunting-ground of the Tejas Indians, from whom the State gets its name. Now, in some areas, there are enormous ranches. On one of them it is 150 miles from the front door of the house to the front gate!

Elsewhere there are immense deposits of oil and natural gas. This gas is used for industrial and domestic purposes as we use coal gas, and is piped to consumers as far away as San Francisco, a distance of some 1300 miles.

THE most amazing thing I saw in Texas was at a place where the mile after mile of flat country suddenly drops away over 1000 feet into a deep canyon, 120 miles long, and 20 miles across at its widest point.

"Just a crack in the prairie," declared a Texan. But geologists say that this Palo Duro Canyon (the names comes from a hard wood shrub growing there, once used for arrows by the Indians) dates from 300 million years ago, and that the purple, red, yellow, pink, and grey strata of its sides each represent a long era in the earth's history.

From the heat of Texas I went, quite unexpectedly, to the cool of the White Mountains on the Arizona-New Mexico border.

I broke my bus journey for lunch and met two American women, who assured me there was nowhere in the whole of the United States to compare with a little village called Greer, and who promptly took me back there.

IT was a tiny Mormon community with one general store and a ranch-house, set high in the mountains and connecting with the outside world only by dust tracks and a daily logging train.

By contrast with the desert country through which we had come so many miles, all here was green and fresh. There was stately blue spruce along the mountain slopes and thick rich grass in the meadows. The Little Colorado River, a small but fast-flowing stream, was packed with beaver dams; and a baby weasel sat on a rock a few feet away and stared at us inquisitively.

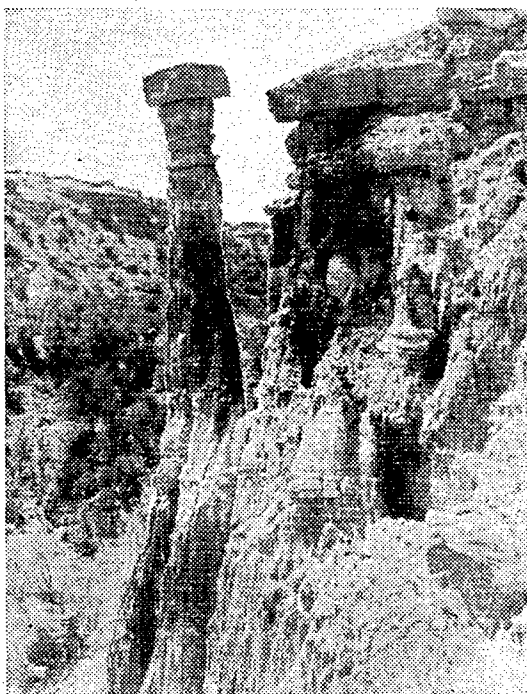
There had been a round-up a few days before and the cattle bore new brands, MLY for Molly—their owner, Molly Butler.

Old Mrs. Butler came to the valley as a child at the end of the last century, driving the horse while the rest of the family hung on to the sides of the covered wagon lest it topple over the mountainside. Her story is typical of many other pioneers who came south from Salt Lake City to find a place to live and practise their religion freely.

FLOOD and drought, desert heat and mountain cold—other countries experience these at some time or another. But here in America, if you take a bus, you are liable to find them all within a few days.



The famous Texas Rangers now use cars and aircraft, but horsemanship is still necessary in many parts of the State



This pinnacle of rock in the Palo Duro Canyon is known as the Leaning Tower of Pisa

Children's Newspaper

John Carpenter House
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OCTOBER 27 1951

ST. CRISPIN'S DAY

OCTOBER 25 is St. Crispin's Day, and for Englishmen the name must always recall the speech which Shakespeare put into the mouth of Henry V before the Battle of Agincourt, the speech which works up to the tremendous climax:

And gentlemen in England now abed

Shall think themselves accursed they were not here, And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks

That fought with us upon St. Crispin's day.

St. Crispin himself, however, and his brother St. Crispinian, would have been astonished to find their names linked with battle, for they were peaceful cobblers.

Legend has it that St. Crispin and his brother belonged to a noble Roman family, but, becoming converted to Christianity, gave up their property and went to Soissons, where they preached and supported themselves by shoemaking. It seems they were beheaded about A.D. 287 during the persecution by Emperor Diocletian.

For us, St. Crispin's Day will always be Agincourt Day, a day when we recall an heroic little army of English soldiers, hungry and wet on a grey October morning, who faced, fought, and defeated an army four times as big.

Under the Editor's Table

Some children go to Switzerland to finish their education. To high schools?

A certain wood-carver's work is said to be extremely delicate. Yet it looks well.

A man wants to know how to get rid of a tree stump in his front garden. He might move.

Why not ask all to smile at one another? someone says. But not to laugh at one another.

BILLY BEETLE



Florence Nightingales of today

EVERY day in remote parts of the world, the nurses appointed by the World Health Organisation are going about their tasks of mercy. They are helping teams of highly-skilled doctors and scientists to wage war on disease.

While a team is engaged in such tasks as spraying malarial swamps, or testing children for tuberculosis, the W.H.O. nurse goes among the local inhabitants and teaches them the basic principles of hygiene. Often living under the most primitive conditions, these courageous women are bringing new hopes of a healthy life to thousands of families.

W.H.O. is rightly proud of its "World nurses," and its great regret is that at the moment there are so few of them. The number is steadily growing, however, and the day will surely come when every backward area in the globe will have its modern counterpart of the immortal Florence Nightingale.

This kind world

A BLIND newspaper-seller of New Jersey told one of his customers that he would not be able to take a holiday this year; he had been unable to find anyone who would mind the stand during his absence.

But he did get his holiday, after all. When other customers heard of his plight they agreed to form themselves into a band of deputies, and each of them in turn looked after the newspaper stand for a day. A happy band, indeed!

JUST AN IDEA

As R. L. Stevenson wrote: It is a poor heart, and a poorer age, that cannot accept the conditions of life with some heroic readiness.

PETER PUCK WANTS TO KNOW

If a beaten candidate will continue his election cry



An orchestra complained they were made to play too fast. Said they had a lightning conductor.

Children can stand mothers and fathers who get cross occasionally, says a psychologist. Most of them have to.

LOOPHOLE

SOMEONE who is tired of the ordinary type of goldfish bowl, in which the fish just swim round and round, has produced a bowl with a wide glass loop over it, like a handle. Properly filled, this loop remains full of water and the fish swim through it, looping the loop time and time again!

Gift to Australia

The elaborately wrought head of the mace which the British Parliament is presenting to Australia's House of Representatives in Canberra as a good will token to mark the Jubilee of the Commonwealth. Except for the Australian coat-of-arms on the head of the mace, it is similar to the one in our own House of Commons.



Christmas cards to help a good cause

OUR readers who last year helped the Grenfell Association to achieve a record sale of Christmas cards, will welcome another chance to send greetings to friends and at the same time help this fine cause.

The Grenfell Association needs help for its work in Labrador. The boarding school at the northernmost station must be replaced; it is a wooden building, unsafe, overcrowded. Another urgent requirement is a sanatorium to check the ravages of tuberculosis.

An illustrated leaflet about this year's attractive Christmas cards can be obtained for 1½d. from the Grenfell Association of Great Britain and Ireland, 66 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

SOLITUDE

How still it is here in the woods. The trees Stand motionless, as if they did not dare To stir, lest it should break the spell. The air Hangs quiet as spaces in a marble frieze. Even this little brook, that runs at ease, Whispering and gurgling in its knotted bed, Seems but to deepen, with its curling thread Of sound, the shadowy sun-pierced silences. Sometimes a hawk screams or a woodpecker Startles the stillness from its fixed mood With his loud careless tap. Sometimes I hear The dreamy whitethroat from some far-off tree Pipe slowly on the listening solitude, His five pure notes succeeding pensively.

Archibald Lampman, a 19th-century Canadian poet.

Fog makes roads more dangerous

THIS is the time of year when we can expect fogs, and when they do come most of us realise how poor is our sense of direction; things are closer to us than we think, sounds are muffled.

In foggy weather danger on the roads is greatest. It is doubly necessary to start for school in good time, and to use only the proper crossing places. Cyclists have to be specially on the alert, ever looking out for the sudden patch of mist that may lie at the foot of a hill, or round a bend.

Very young children are well advised not to use their cycles at all in foggy weather, if there are other ways of getting to school and home again.

Friends of St. Francis

ALL animal-lovers will be interested in the first exhibition of the new Society of Animal Painters, which is being held in London this week at the Cooling Galleries, 92 New Bond Street.

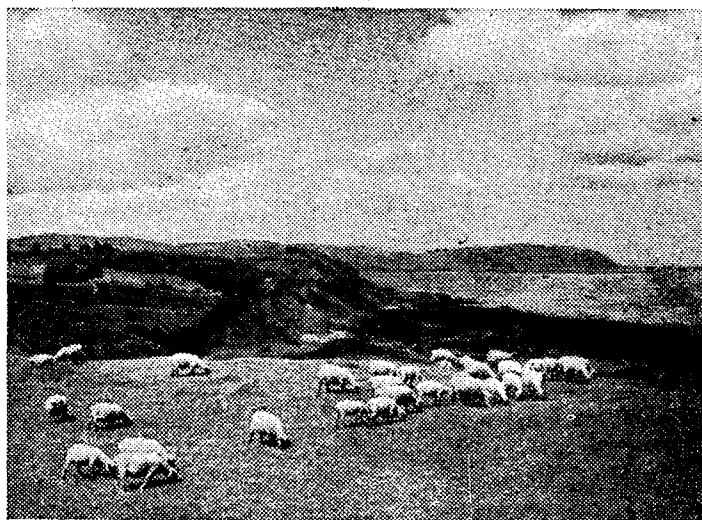
The President, Sir Alfred Munnings, is exhibiting nine pictures, and Dame Laura Knight, Peter Scott, and Sir William Reid Dick are among the 59 other artists who are represented. This society, formed to encourage artists who interpret animal life, and also to promote a wider interest in natural life, is part of a plan to establish a St. Francis National Animal Centre.

St. Francis of Assisi called all creatures his brothers and sisters, and such a centre would spread his creed. It would have an art gallery, libraries, and a publishing organisation.

Handsome is as handsome does

The constant interchange of those thousand little courtesies which imperceptibly sweeten life, has a happy effect upon the features, and spreads a mellow evening charm over the wrinkles of old age.

Washington Irving



OUR HOMELAND

The coastline of North Somerset from Watchet

The Children's Newspaper, October 27, 1951

THINGS SAID

IF Britain and the United States ever let their friendship lapse in a mood of impatience, or by allowing distrust and suspicion to spread like poison ivy, or even, perhaps, by some single act of folly, that event would in all probability be the signal for a third world war to begin.

Earl of Halifax

I AM inclined to believe that, allowing for some exaggeration, there is some truth in the idea that the actual influence of a newspaper today upon public thought is inversely related to the size of its circulation.

President, Institute of Journalists

SPOON-FEEDING in the long run teaches us nothing but the shape of the spoon.

Mr. E. M. Forster

I AM here on serious business, to study English history in the right place, the land of my forebears; and I shall do it in a dignified manner.

A 66-year-old American student at Oxford University

Boys and girls read and love Kipling. Older folk rediscover him. It's the under-thirties who neglect him.

Librarian of the Kipling Society

IN THE COUNTRY

ON both sides of the narrow lane leading to the old grey church in the hollow, the bushes and trees are now richly adorned with the last touches of autumn's paint-brush. Beautiful in its mantle of many colours is the lane in October.

The true country-lover appreciates not only the autumnal tints, however; he finds equal delight in breathing the keener air, laden as it is with the incense of moist earth and dew-soaked leaves; he notes, too, the rippling music of the robin's autumn song, and the arrival of the field-fares from Norway, here to spend the winter months.

Sweet indeed are these calm October days, when copper butterflies flutter over the thistles in the warm sunshine, and the squirrel suns himself in the beech tree.

Alas, what Cowper described as "Summer's farewell peep" is often of brief duration; the golden days are all too fleeting.

The Children's Newspaper, October 27, 1951

ERIC GILLET writes of Cyrano de Bergerac, who had ALL THE TALENTS AND A BIG NOSE

CYRANO DE BERGERAC, the new American film made from Edmond Rostand's famous romantic French play, proves to be a remarkable success. This may seem odd, because the text has not been greatly changed and there are many long speeches—most of them by one actor, José Ferrer, as Cyrano.

This is one of the most celebrated of stage costume parts. Cyrano de Bergerac was a 17th-century gallant, a superb swordsman, a fine poet. He could speak effectively on almost any subject. He had almost all the talents and one sad handicap—the longest and ugliest nose in the world.

Cyrano wanted to marry his lovely cousin, Roxane (Mala Powers), but although she was very fond of him, she loved a handsome young soldier called Christian, who was a comrade of Cyrano's.

Christian could not make a fine speech to a lady or to anybody else. It was always his friend, Cyrano, who spoke for him, and Cyrano did this so ably that Christian won the reputation of being a most distinguished courtier and soldier. In the end Roxane realised that Cyrano was the better man.

But before she finds this out the film gives us some thrilling duels, exciting adventures and escapes, and a really magnificent performance by José Ferrer as Cyrano.

This is one of the finest pieces of acting I have ever seen in a film. The rest of the cast do not matter; the tragicomic hero of this



José Ferrer as Cyrano de Bergerac bitter-sweet story does, and Mr. Ferrer has been suitably rewarded for his brilliant work with the Motion Picture Academy Award for the best performance of the year.

Cyrano de Bergerac offers a most unusual experience to cinema audiences.

THE Italian version of Cinderella is different from the story as we know it, and a new film of Rossini's opera has just been made, directed by Fernando Cerchio.

There is no Fairy Godmother; a Fairy Godfather, Alidoro, takes her place. Cinderella does not lose a glass slipper; she mislays a bracelet, instead. She has two unpleasant sisters, but they are certainly not ugly.

This film Cinderella depends for its effect upon the music and the singers. It moves slowly, and the photography is not remarkable in any way, but Rossini's music is lively and charming.

The orchestra and chorus of the Rome Opera do full justice to it, and if you like good music this film will appeal to you.

WHAT'S IN A NOSE?

A shapely nose, it is said, must project no more than 1½ inches—even 1½ inches is too much; but a nose that measures 2½ inches from fore to aft is outstanding, so to speak.

Yet this is the nasal magnificence attributed to Cyrano de Bergerac, and much effort and a great deal of money was expended on the task of filming it effectively.

The producer of the film first consulted with a noted plastic surgeon, Dr. Harold N. Holden, who has written a learned treatise on Noses. Then studio artists outlined their ideas of a nose for Cyrano, and from their sketches—no fewer than 200 of them were

made—one style was finally chosen.

It was soon realised that one model nose would not suffice for the whole film; for instance, it was always likely to fall off, for actor José Ferrer's nose is of normal proportions. A fresh, false nose, made from the master mould, would have to be worn for each day's "shooting" of the film.

The nose had to be lifelike, for the kind actors wear in a theatre would not do for film close-ups; so the models were made of a secret plastic, combined with grain alcohol and other chemicals to produce a flesh-like appearance. Altogether they cost £1500 to make, a sum not to be sneezed at.

NEW ROYAL YACHT

A medium-sized hospital ship to be built for the Admiralty will replace the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert, now considered unseaworthy. Originally provided for in the 1939 Navy Estimates, the war held up the construction of the new yacht, which will be a dual-purpose vessel for use in war or peace.

The Victoria and Albert, built in 1899, has long had the reputation of being a bad sea craft, and she carried 600 tons of concrete to give her greater stability.

CRAFTSMEN IN CELLS

Ten cells of the old debtors' prison at York have been converted to house an exhibition of traditional crafts. Fourteen years of research has enabled the trades to be represented as they were practised, and in some cases the tools employed have long passed out of general use.

Many firms have helped with equipment, and the show includes a 1750 smithy, a brushmaker using hog bristles and whalebone, a clay-piper maker, a cutler's board, and a hand comb-maker.

EYES TO THE BLIND

On a ridge of hills high above the plain outside Accra in the Gold Coast (writes a CN correspondent travelling in West Africa) there is a school for blind children. I was taken to see it on a hot African afternoon, and as soon as I entered I sensed the happiness prevailing there. There were 40 blind children in the school, all dressed in neat, simple uniforms, but barefooted and, of course, all with black, curly hair.

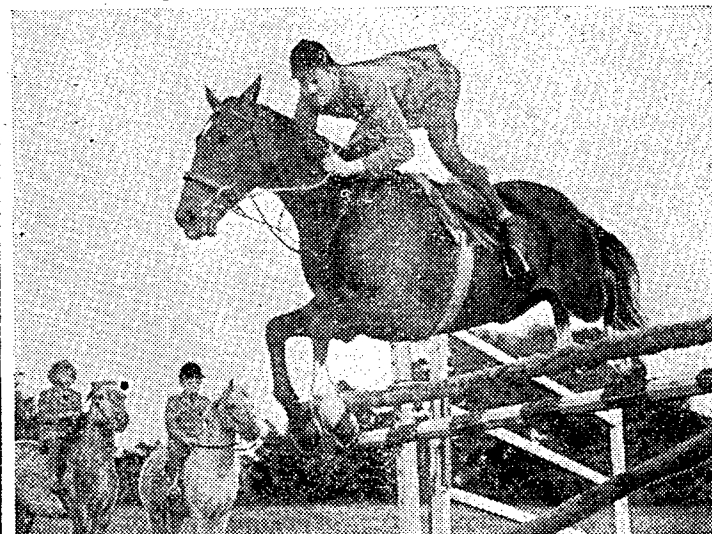
One small boy had just arrived; it was his first day, but he was happy. A smiling African teacher was guiding the boy's hands on a small, model loom. He had woven a few inches all by himself, and his fingers were stroking the cloth very proudly. Soon he will move to a big loom, weaving patterns to sell in the markets. It may be that he will become a teacher of weaving to other blind children.

FIRST LESSONS

In the school kitchen large bundles of cane-thatch were being dyed in boiling pots over wooden fires; in another pot strips of the fine outer bark of cassava were also being dyed to make raffia for doormats. I noticed one little girl patiently learning to sew along a straight line without pricking her fingers. A boys' class read to me an African folk story from the Braille in English, and one older man was struggling to learn his first letters through his fingers.

In spite of the eyes which looked up but did not see, these were among the happiest children this CN correspondent has seen in West African schools.

Youngest Olympic Rider



Nineteen-year-old Alan Oliver, of Stoke Mandeville, Buckinghamshire, who has been chosen to ride for Britain at next year's Olympic Games in Helsinki, is the youngest rider ever to represent any nation in the Olympics. The picture above shows him taking a jump in fine style, watched by his brother Paul aged seven, and sister Vivienne, aged five. Below we see the three of them with their mother.



SASKATOON, FORT WILLIAM, AND MONTREAL

SASKATOON, Fort William, and Montreal are separated by hundreds of miles, but they have a common interest—wheat.

Saskatoon, in the heart of the grain-growing province of Saskatchewan, has grown up with the railways that carry the wheat from it to Fort William and Port Arthur, the twin ports at the head of Lake Superior. Ships from these ports transport 400 million bushels of grain a year through the Great Lakes to Montreal, where it is transferred to larger ocean-going vessels.

Saskatoon, like all the cities of Western Canada, has grown because the land, despite a short summer, bears plentiful harvests. Many farmers from Europe, in the first place, came, set up their homesteads, and built cities like Saskatoon. Life was hard, the winters were long, often the new cities were isolated by blizzards; but because the new Canadians worked hard, there is now time to play.

There is ice-hockey and skating on open-air rinks at nearly every street corner, indoor bowling, which is like skittles, and curling on indoor rinks, in the winter. Baseball is popular in summer, and in addition, because so many have cars, fishing for trout, duck-shooting and deer hunting on isolated lakes and distant marshes.

A CN correspondent in Canada sends these notes about three towns which will next week greet Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh.

Homes in Saskatoon are nearly all of wood, each heated by large oil- or coal-burning furnaces in the basement. Electricity is plentiful so there are many neon signs in the shopping district and gaily-lit trees in gardens at Christmas.

Regular airline flights connect Saskatoon with the rest of Canada, and snowbound highways are quickly cleared with mechanical snow-blowers.

UNLIKE Saskatoon, Fort William's fortunes have not always been tied to wheat, although today it is the largest grain port in the world.

Here, in the 18th century, Indians and company factors traded furs.

Here, until the coming of the railways, travellers by canoe would wait before undertaking the many portages necessary on their journey westward by way of the Lake of the Woods and its tributary rivers.

Today it is wheat, oats, barley, and rye that wait in huge terminal elevators every winter for the ice

on the Great Lakes to break-up. In these elevators, the grain is dried and graded before it passes through chutes into the holds of ships that take it to Montreal.

MONTREAL is Canada's biggest city, with over one million people, of whom more than 70 per cent are French Canadians.

The island in the St. Lawrence River, on which the city stands, was first seen by Jacques Cartier, the French explorer.

But it is to Sieur de Maisonneuve that Montreal owes its destiny. In 1642 he started mission work on the island, which he named Mont Royal because of an extinct volcano that rises above what is today the city's main shopping district.

Iroquois Indians made ceaseless attacks on the settlers, but by heroic efforts they were eventually driven off.

Today, Montreal is known as the Paris of North America, because nearly everyone speaks French Canadian, and because of its fine restaurants, its fashions, and its horse-drawn sightseers' fiacres.

Mont Royal is crowned by a huge cross that is always lighted at night, and in winter its slopes are thronged with ski-ers. From its summit can be seen ocean-going liners docked 1000 miles from the open sea.

8

5000-MILE TRIP BY RESCUE LAUNCH

A 40-ton air-sea rescue launch belonging to the Australian Department of Civil Aviation has left Sydney on a 5000-mile voyage to the lonely Cocos Islands in the Indian Ocean. The voyage is expected to take 30 days, and is believed to be the longest trip made by a craft of this type.

The most hazardous stage of the journey will be the final 1340 miles from Port Hedland, in the far north of Western Australia, most of it out of sight of land.

The launch is 62 feet long, with a beam of 14½ feet, and is carrying a crew of nine under Captain R. W. Cooper. It has two 225-h.p. diesel engines, providing a top speed of 16 knots and a range of 1500 miles without refuelling.

The rescue launch will be stationed at the Cocos Islands as part of the facilities for the proposed air service between Australia and South Africa.

GLIS GLIS UNDER SUSPICION

The Ministry of Agriculture is appealing for information about damage to local crops which may have been caused by a small creature called the glis glis.

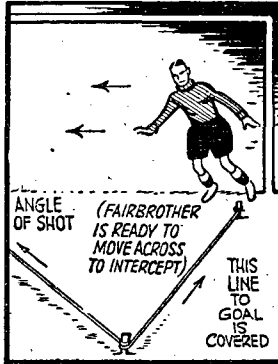
The glis glis, which is a member of the dormouse family, was introduced into Great Britain about 50 years ago and the species has now spread over Buckinghamshire, Hertfordshire, and neighbouring counties.

Undoubtedly an attractive little animal, about 7½ inches long with thick, soft fur and a bushy tail like that of a squirrel, the glis glis is found mainly in woods and usually nests in trees. For its winter's sleep it finds its way to a warm spot where it stays until April, often choosing a loft or attic. It has been known to help itself to a householder's store of apples in this part of the house.

Steps to Sporting Fame • Jack Fairbrother



Few have studied football more thoroughly than Jack Fairbrother, Newcastle United goalkeeper since 1947. Before that, he played for Preston.



Jack works out shooting angles by means of pegs and a length of clothes-line. This gives him a shrewd idea of how to reduce the attacking forwards' target by his own choice of position.



The result of all this pre-match study is that Jack Fairbrother is usually in the right place at the right time. It makes goalkeeping look easy, though, of course, it is not. The basis of good goalkeeping is anticipation.



Born at Burton-on-Trent, Jack came into football with two ambitions—to be a member of a Cup-winning team, and to become a club manager. The first he realised last season; the second is still some years ahead.

The Children's Newspaper, October 27, 1951

PLANS FOR LONDON'S SOUTH BANK

On the site of London's South Bank Festival Exhibition there is to be a riverside garden, commemorating all the Londoners who lost their lives in the war.

This is only a part of the plans for the future of this exhibition ground. The Royal Festival Hall will remain, of course, and the Lion and Unicorn Pavilion and Telecinema are also likely to be left standing—at least for the time being. But the famous Skylon, the Dome of Discovery, and various other buildings are to go, and in their place will rise conference halls and Government offices.

All these projects are part of the L.C.C. scheme for improving the south bank of the Thames, and making it match the dignity of the north bank.

Already, close to the Festival Hall, the foundation stone of the new National Shakespeare Memorial Theatre has been laid. A little farther down the river it is intended to erect a British Science Centre, looking across to Somerset House.

How soon all this will take shape is dependent on the international situation, as well as our economic resources.

TERM-TIME PLAYS

Many older London schoolboys and girls will enjoy a morning or afternoon seeing a play this term as part of their school activities. Two plays are to be presented for them at the Whitehall Theatre by the Under Thirty Theatre Group. They will run for six weeks, starting on October 29.

The plays are Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure, by Walter Hackett, and Noah, by André Obey. Performances will be at 10.15 in the morning and 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Each play will run for three weeks, and the whole cost is being borne by the L.C.C.

CITY OF 'BROTHERLY LOVE' IS 250 YEARS OLD

In the last week of October 250 years ago the historic port of Philadelphia was raised to the status of city because it had become "near equal to the city of New York in trade and riches."

This great city was founded by William Penn, who, true to his character as an English Quaker, gave to it the Greek name meaning "brotherly love." Despairing of establishing religious freedom in Europe, Penn had gone to America, there to found a new settlement in which he hoped to work out his ideals.

In Philadelphia today we can see the Independence Hall where the famous Declaration of Independence was drawn up and signed, and also the Liberty Bell which was rung when the Declaration was adopted; the bell is inscribed: Proclaim Liberty through all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof. Also displayed in Independence Hall is William Penn's original charter of 1701.

Here, too, stands the Carpenters' Hall where the first American Congress was held and the first steps in the revolution were taken

in 1774. Here as a national monument is the home of Betsy Ross in which she made the first American national flag in 1777. Re-erected in the magnificent 10-mile-long Fairmount Park is the house William Penn built in 1683 for his daughter Letitia.

Today, with two million inhabitants, Philadelphia is the third biggest city in the United States and the capital and port of Pennsylvania. It has vast locomotive works and shipyards; and it has miles of docks along the Delaware River. As a centre of education and culture it is world-famous.

EXPULSED FROM OXFORD

William Penn, its founder, was born in London in 1644. As an undergraduate he was expelled from Christ Church, Oxford, because of his interest in Quakerism and his protests against the injustices suffered by the Puritans. His father, Admiral Sir William Penn, expelled him from home for the same reasons, but was later reconciled to him.

On several occasions Penn was imprisoned for preaching in the

streets and for publishing unlicensed tracts. While in the Tower of London, he wrote his most famous work, No Cross, No Crown, in which he preached the Christian duty of self-sacrifice.

When his father died, William Penn inherited his wealth, and also won influence at court. In 1680 he was granted by Charles II a piece of land in America in payment of a loan which his late father had advanced to the Crown. Penn named it Sylvania; but the King altered it to Pennsylvania, not in honour of Penn, as many believe, but of his father.

One of his first acts on his arrival in America was to call an Assembly and draw up a Constitution embodying his ideals and establishing religious freedom.

Soon after chartering the city Penn returned to England, never to see his colony again. It was an England more after his own heart, for the Toleration Act giving freedom of worship was now the law of the land.

William Penn had done much to secure that freedom both in his homeland and in America.

GREENMANTLE, JOHN BUCHAN'S FAMOUS THRILLER, TOLD IN PICTURES (6)

Sandy knew the mysterious Moslem prophet whom the Germans were encouraging to start a holy war against the

Allies. The prophet was called Greenmantle, and associated with him on Germany's behalf was a woman named Hilda

von Einem. Blenkiron feared her greatly; he said she was "mad and bad, but principally bad." Dick agreed.



The Germans believed Dick and Blenkiron to be Americans on Germany's side, and they sent them passports to go to Mesopotamia to carry out engineering works for the Turks. But the man who brought the passports was Rasta! He at once recognised Dick and Peter—supposed to be Dick's servant—as the two men with whom he had quarrelled about the munitions and who, he now knew, were wanted as "Dutch" spies. He drew his revolver.



Peter flung the tray at him and the bullet went through it. Then he knocked the Turk senseless and bound and gagged him. There came a knock at the door. Hastily they put Rasta into a large cupboard and locked him in. When they opened the door, a servant handed them a card with "Hilda von Einem" on it, and that lady herself entered. Peter cleared up the crockery and Dick tried to keep cool and be polite to this sinister woman.



Dick thought hard. He knew this woman had immense power in Germany, and probably intended using Greenmantle for her own ends. He talked carefully, praising the kind of ideas he thought she had. She approved of him, and threw the passports into the fire. "The orders are countermanded," she said. "I have need of you and you go with me. Not to the flats of the Tigris, but to the great hills." Then she shook hands and left.



Sandy came in and said his men would keep Rasta a prisoner. He had news. Greenmantle was dying; but, he said, Von Einem would soon find another prophet. "She is a devil incarnate." Blenkiron arrived and told them the Russians had driven the Turks back to Erzerum. Von Einem's prophet was wanted there to rally the Turks, and now that she had taken a fancy to Dick, he and Blenkiron must go with her to the front!

How will the adventurers fare under this ruthless woman's "protection"? See next week's instalment



The Silver Gentleman Elgain

by GEOFFREY TREASE

The story so far

Sarah Seatallan, an orphan, has run away in the guise of a boy from her cruel guardian, Lord Lydeard. She suspects that he has caused the disappearance of her brother Philip while on a tour of Italy. She falls in with Martin Sherwood, who takes her to his old friend, Lord Meriton, otherwise known as the Silver Gentleman. He refuses to help them, but later, as they ride away, they meet him in the woods.

The Wizard's Tower

EVEN to Martin, used to the Silver Gentleman's will-o'-the-wisp appearances, it was a shock to recognise his figure, pale and shimmery in the gloaming.

Sarah gave a little gasp of alarm. "Lord Meriton! It can't be... He couldn't have got here! It's black magic!"

"Not black magic, my dear," the nobleman corrected her with a laugh. "Merely that my horse was fresh, whereas your horses have been ridden for days. I know the short cuts through the woods. And I galloped hard for the first mile—while I was in view of my servants. It was all part of the play."

"The play, my lord?" Martin echoed.

He was still smarting under the treatment they had received a little while before. But now, both in tone and look, the Silver Gentleman seemed more like the old friend he had learnt to trust.

"I had to act, for the benefit of the man who was listening to our conversation in the study. I have long suspected that one of my servants was a spy planted by your loving guardian." He made a mocking bow towards Sarah. "Lydeard and I are old enemies. It would never do for him to hear that I was helping his runaway ward."

"So you only pretended to be angry with Martin?" the girl asked, much relieved.

"Of course. I must apologise for the sudden change in my manner, but I had only just become aware of the eavesdropper on the staircase. I had to act quickly—in both senses of the word. Then, when you had gone, I ordered my horse, pretending to be in a bad humour, and came galloping here to intercept you. In a little while I must return, all smiles, telling my servants that there is nothing like a hard ride in the evening air to cool one's temper!"

"Then—you're going to help us after all?"

"Yes. And the first thing is to get you into some safe shelter for

tonight. We must not stay here and risk being seen. Follow me, and beware of overhanging branches."

With that, the Silver Gentleman wheeled his horse off the road and into the woodland, which now loomed dark and forbidding as the night came on. After a few minutes he slipped from the saddle, calling back in his low, musical voice:

"Better dismount and walk from here. The path is steep, and much overgrown since my grandfather's time."

"Your grandfather?" said Sarah, puzzled, slithering to the ground and following with the reins looped over her arm.

"They called him 'the Wizard Lord.' He was more given to study and to experiments in science than to dancing and gossiping at the court of young King Edward." After zigzagging up a stiff slope, thickly overgrown with brambles and scrubby oak-trees, they came out upon an open spur of the hill. The evening air blew more freshly here, and Martin guessed that in the daytime there would be a wide view for miles around.

Rising against the dark sky and

Did You Know . . .

. . . that there is a "fox" which sleeps while hanging up in a tree?



The flying fox, so-called because it has red-brown fur and a head like a fox, is actually a fruit-eating bat, found in the warm regions from Egypt to Australia and the Pacific.

Measuring about four feet across extended wings, its body is less than a foot long. The wings are the webbing between immensely elongated fingers and continuing along the sides of the body. The thumb, which plays no part in the formation of the wing, is used as a paw and is powerfully clawed. The nail is used as a "fork" when eating fruit. Flying foxes hang from the branches of trees in hundreds, leaving at dusk to seek fruit, and flying for hours.

Extremely greedy, they can strip an orchard in a night.

the darker woodland they saw the dim shape of a ruined tower.

"This is where my grandfather amused himself with his chemistry and his mathematics," the Silver Gentleman explained. "It is still called the Wizard's Tower—and the simple country people think it is haunted by the devils he conjured up." He laughed. "I have found their superstition mighty useful before now, when I needed a safe hiding-place."

He tethered his own horse to a ring on the wall, and showed them where they could unsaddle theirs in a vaulted stable at the base of the tower. Entrance to the rest of the building was gained, as usual with such towers, by a flight of stone steps rising to a nail-studded door 12 feet above the ground.

"Careful," he warned them, fitting a key into the lock. "There should be a lantern inside. You will see better than what you are doing. But it would be best not to show a light that may be seen from a distance."

"Surely," said Sarah, entering into the spirit of the place, "it would only be taken for something ghostly?"

"Perhaps. But Lord Lydeard's men are not all as superstitious as our local villagers!" And the Silver Gentleman insisted on closing the door behind them before he struck flint and steel, and lit the lantern which had been standing on the floor.

MARTIN saw, as the room leapt to sight in the yellowish beam, that it was not the dank ruin he had feared. It was dry and clean, and simply furnished with a table, stools, and deerskin rugs. Antlers hung on the walls between the narrow window-slits. Overhead was a beamed ceiling, and in one corner a staircase wound upwards out of sight.

"It was up there that my grandfather carried on his experiments," chuckled the Silver Gentleman. "One of them went wrong. With the result that the upper chamber is somewhat blackened with fire and has a ceiling decorated—on a clear night—with real stars! But leave that to the owls which nest there. You will sleep dry and warm down here, with these rugs. Have you any food?"

"No," said Martin sheepishly. "We—we thought we should be staying at Meriton Court—"

"I wish you were. But it's too dangerous. We must throw Lord Lydeard off the scent. I will send food to you in the morning, and come to see you as soon as I can." He turned to Sarah. "Why are you so sure your brother is still alive? What sort of a man was his tutor?"

"Master Hawthorne?" The girl's lip curled as she considered. "He was a feeble creature. A poet—but it was not even good poetry."

"Would he—kill?"

"I can't imagine it. And, though he was afraid of Lord Lydeard, he was truly fond of Philip."

"Then what is in your mind?" demanded the Silver Gentleman. "What do you think happened?"

"I think my guardian—" She paused with a shudder, then

Continued on page 10

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SPORTS SHORTS

A DANISH badminton team have just returned home from a tour of South Africa and Rhodesia without losing one of their 15 matches, including four Tests. These "world champions" lost only three individual games throughout the whole tour, and they have done much to popularise the game.

BRIAN CRUTCHER, of Poole, is the youngest speedway rider in the country—he is only 16—and not until last Christmas did he begin to ride at his uncle's training school at Ringwood, Hants. Already, however, he has beaten several track records in speedway's Third Division, and he has also ridden for the England C team against Sweden.

ELEODORO VASQUES TANANTA, of Peru, claims to have set up a world swimming record by staying in the water for 88 hours 30 minutes! It is not stated, however, how far he swam during this marathon performance.

CONGRATULATIONS to Miss Jeanne Bisgood, 28-year-old barrister, of Parkstone, Dorset, who is the 1951 English women's golf champion. In the final, at the St. Anne's Old Links, she showed great determination in beating Mrs. Alexander Keiller, of Roehampton, after being four down. Her father, by the way, played cricket for Somerset and scored a century in his first match.

NEW ZEALAND'S greatest Rugby full-back of recent years is retiring from first-class matches. He is Bob Scott, who was in the New Zealand Army team which toured Britain and the Continent in 1945-46. He has been the first choice as full-back for teams representing New Zealand and Auckland since he returned home in 1946. Now he says he will in future play only for his club.

FRANK WALTERS, of Houndsfield School, Edmonton, is only 14, but already he bids fair to follow in the "footer-steps" of his famous brother, Sonny Walters, Tottenham Hotspur right-winger. Young Frank is an inside-right and this season is playing for the Edmonton Schools team—as his brother did before the war.

IN the London to Brighton relay race, British marathon champion Jim Peters ran a five-mile leg along Purley Rise in the record time of 25 minutes 43 seconds; he beat by 32 seconds the record set up in 1938 by Jim Smith of Birchfield Harriers.

MRS. ELSIE HORTON, of Coventry, is this year's winner of the women's Best All-Rounder Cycling Championship, contested over distances of 25, 50, and 100 miles. Mrs. Horton, who has set up a new 50-mile record of 2 hours 11 minutes 47 seconds, gave up her job early in the year so that she could concentrate on her training.

The Silver Gentleman Again

Continued from page 9

forced herself to continue. "I think he gave orders that Philip was to die during this tour abroad. But I think it turned out as in the old stories—that the wicked servant repented and had not the heart to obey. Philip is kept prisoner somewhere, and Master Hawthorne is afraid to come home."

"Have you any proof at all?"

"Only this." She fumbled at her throat and, after a brief struggle with her ruff, pulled out a tiny locket which hung from her neck. "Philip wears a locket like this, too, under his shirt."

"Well?"

"Master Hawthorne sent us Philip's things from Venice, as token of his death. But there was no locket. If Philip had died the locket would have been found and taken from his body. If he is alive and still wearing it, next his skin, it could quite easily go unnoticed."

"Good girl!" said the Silver Gentleman approvingly. "There are brains under that copper casing. Well, I must leave you, or the household will be scouring the woods with torches, thinking I have broken my neck. Screen the lantern, Martin, as I go through the door. And lie hidden here until I can visit you again tomorrow."

He slipped through the door like a shadow. Martin closed it after him and turned the key. They heard the jingle of harness and the

slow footfalls of the horse ambling down through the thickets. Then there was silence.

SARAH gave something between a yawn and a laugh as she flung herself on one of the deerskins and pulled another over her. "He need not worry that we shall stir from here till he tells us! Oh, I could sleep and sleep! And to think how I looked forward to a soft bed at Meriton Court tonight, and hot water, and girl's clothes again. But never mind—at least we are out of the saddle and, for the time being, safe."

Martin picked up the remaining rugs and made himself a bed on the far side of the room. Then he pulled off his riding-boots, laid aside his ruff and cape, put sword and pistol within reach, and stretched himself wearily on the floor.

Sarah's steady breathing showed that she was already asleep. He put out the lantern, and within a minute he, too, had slipped into unconsciousness.

BOTH would thankfully have slept the clock round, but it was not to be. Before dawn came, and while the moon was still bright above the treetops, Martin woke and sat up.

Was it a rat stirring? No. Some human hand was trying, with infinite care and stealth, to pick the lock of the door.

Is the visitor the Silver Gentleman—or Lord Lydeard? See next week's thrilling instalment.

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A terrific pair 1933 Indo-China Mint Air Mails. Large green and brown fighter plane takes up whole face of stamp. Send 2 1/2d. stamp and request low-priced Approvals with amazingly high discount, to:

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18 LEIGH ROAD, WORTHING.

POWERFUL OUTBOARD MOTOR BOAT

MOTOR IS DETACHABLE

8/11

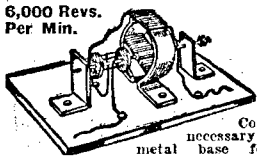
POST. ETC. 0/-

A scale model of a Motor Speed Boat, accurately made in correct colouring. Spring driven. Will cross an ordinary sized pond. Rudder for adjustment to steering. All the thrills of model boat hobby. Get your model speed boat and race it now. Limited stocks.

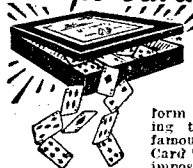
Send for Free Bumper Book, Binoculars, Toys, Clothing, etc. Terms arranged. Call if possible.

HEADQUARTER & GENERAL SUPPLIES, LTD. (Dept. CN10), 196-200 Coldharbour Lane, Loughborough Junc., London, S.E.5. Open all Sat. Closed 1 p.m. Wed.

The Children's Newspaper, October 27, 1951

ELECTRIC MOTOR OUTFIT6,000 Revs.
Per Min.**2/11**
Post 3d.
Works from
Torch
Battery

Comprises ALL necessary parts and metal base for simple assembly to make this working Electric Motor. Great technical, instructive and entertaining boy's toy. Complete with diagrams and easy directions. Send P.O. 3/2 (address below).

Magic Card Tricks!**4/9 POST 3d.**

With this Cabinet of specially prepared cards, you can perform a number of astounding tricks (including the famous mystifying "Three Card Trick") which appear impossible but are easy to do with the simple instructions supplied. You will be the Lion of the Party and the envy of your friends. Send NOW 5/- P.O. to:

Wm. PENN, LTD. (Dept. CW/14),
585 High Road, Finchley, London, N.12.

Walters

"Talm"

Toffee

THE PERFECTION OF CONFECTIONS

Do you write Poetry?

Here, within the Poetry Society, is the common meeting ground for poetry lovers and verse writers. The Society is now open to receive and welcome boys and girls as Junior Members. The subscription of 5/- per annum covers the new Quarterly Poetry Magazine "The Voice of Youth," in which space is devoted to poems by Junior Members, criticism of their work and answers to their problems. There are many interesting competitions.

For details apply to the Secretary, Poetry Society (largest organisation in the world devoted entirely to poetry), 33 Portman Square, London, W.1.

ARE YOU A REAL SPORT?

If so, why not join the Junior Section, **LEAGUE AGAINST CRUEL SPORTS?**

MEMBERSHIP FROM 1/- UP.
Attractive Badge 9d.

Particulars from Secretary,
L.A.C.S. (CN)
58 Maddox St., London, W.1

"NEWFOOTY"

TABLE SOCCER

Patent No. 638860

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL FROM FIELD TO TABLE

Played with 22 miniature men, ball and goals. F.A. Rules adapted.

★ THE ORIGINAL GAME with ★ LATEST IMPROVEMENTS! ★
★ FULL OF SOCCER THRILLS ★
★ FOULS OFFSIDES PENALTIES ★
★ RESULTS DEPEND UPON SKILL ★
★ ONLY "NEWFOOTY" HAS SELF-★ RIGHTING PATENT MEN ★

Prices: 10/11, 14/11 and 18/11, post free, or send 2d. stamp for further details.

THE "NEWFOOTY" CO., Dept. A,
RICE LANE, LIVERPOOL, 9.

Stocked by leading Toy Shops.

WAR ON PLAGUE

Mr. Russell Davis, a Vancouver scientist, has the strange job of making sure that British Columbia is never the starting-point for a bubonic plague.

His duty is to report the finding of any rodent whose bloodstream (or the fleas which the animal may have) contains the plague germ.

Mr. Davis travels over the province to kill rats, mice, gophers, marmots, and rabbits, all of which he examines for any trace of the disease.

There has never yet been a case of actual plague in the province, but this year Mr. Davis did find a gopher suffering from it.

Rodent surveys were started by the government following the death in 1937 of an Alberta mink farmer who died after feeding gopher to his mink.

FAREWELL TO A RAILWAY

A piper among the 14 passengers played Will Ye No Come Back Again? when the last train steamed into St. Cyrus, Kincardine; for the Montrose-Inverbervie railway line along the Scottish coast is being closed down. A bouquet was presented to the driver, and confetti strewn on the guard and fireman.

EUROPEANS TO STUDY U.S. METHODS

So that they may have an opportunity of learning American industrial methods, particularly those aimed at increased production, some 2000 workers between the ages of 20 and 33 are to be sent every year from the 17 Marshall Plan countries to the United States. They will stay for a year, working and studying.

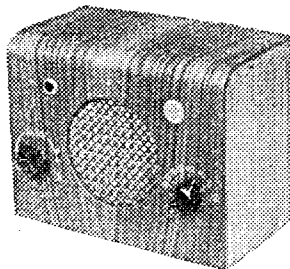
The scheme, which is sponsored by the Economic Co-operation Organisation, begins next January. Transport and incidental costs will be met, but as soon as they are in jobs the candidates will pay their own living expenses.

The United Kingdom has been asked to select 200 candidates.

IN LETTERS SIX FEET HIGH

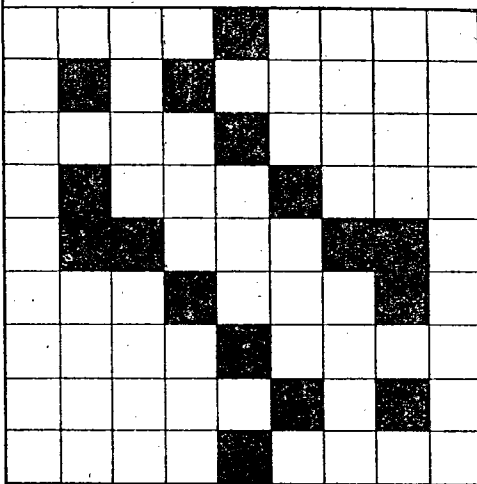
Ten Commandment Mountain at Murphy, in North Carolina, which was recently dedicated at special ceremonies, has the world's biggest inscription of the Ten Commandments and the world's biggest model of the Bible.

The Commandments are set in concrete letters six feet high, prefaced by Roman numerals 14 feet high. The model of the Bible measures 24 feet by 34.

CN Competition No. 12**WIN THIS RADIO!****• £5 in Other Prizes**

Here is the 12th of CN's series of fortnightly competitions, providing another opportunity for you to win the First Prize of a fine All-mains Radio. There will also be 10 Ten Shilling Notes for runners-up.

This week CN brings you a novel sort of puzzle—a word square. Below you will find twenty-eight words and an empty square. All you have to do is to use these words to fill all the spaces inside the square—but still keeping each word whole. Remember, when you have finished you should have no words left over, and, of course, that to fill your square you must not use any words other than those in the list.

**HERE ARE THE WORDS**

Badge, Yell, Aunt, Null, Ass, Odes, Relenting, Ogle, Semi, Amusement, Avow, Nomad, Sea, Door, See, Let, Ugly, Asp, Even, Twig, Stag, Mad, Yes, Nag, Tea, Pert, Day, Demi.

When you have completed your square, in ink, cut out the panel whole—that is, square and coupon together—and then fill in the coupon plainly. Make sure that you get your effort signed as your own unaided work. Then post to: CN Competition No. 12, 5 Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.), to arrive not later than Tuesday, November 6.

The Prize Radio will be awarded to the boy or girl whose square is correct or most nearly so, and the best-written according to age. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

This competition is open to all readers under 17 in Great Britain, all Ireland, and the Channel Islands. The Editor's decision will be final.

This is entirely my own work

Name Age

Address

Certified Parent/Guardian

FIELD-MARSHAL THE VISCOUNT MONTGOMERYBy **LADY PEACOCK**

This book tells the story of Bernard Montgomery, 1st Viscount of Alamein, from the days of his childhood in Ireland to his present triumphant status in world affairs. The photographs are intimate and fascinating and Lady Peacock's account of the Field-Marshal's amazing career is as exiting as it is authentic.

Full colour jacket and frontispiece. 70 illustrations and 2 maps in full colour. A number of photographs appearing in the book are hitherto unpublished.

7s. 6d. net**TWO FINE ANIMAL BOOKS****BLACK LIGHTNING****DENIS CLARK**

Illustrated by C. Gifford Ambler

"Black Lightning," a leopard, was still very young when he became separated from his family and this book tells of his adventures before he found his way home again.

8s. 6d.**JAN: The Story of a Dutch Barge Dog**

Written and illustrated by

G. W. BARRINGTON

This book, like the one above, is about an animal that leaves home. This animal is a dog and his adventures are exciting and various.

8s. 6d.**HUTCHINSON**

SAVING CAN BE FUN...

JOIN THE C.E.B.S. CLUB AND SEE!

Regular saving this new way is fun—because it's *really* interesting! If you save 5/- (more if you like) from your pocket money every month you can be a Full Club Member. There's a fine, brightly-coloured Club badge for you to wear—and you have your own Club Savings Account, and with your own special "pass book" and "paying-in book" you can watch your savings getting bigger and bigger. It's surprising how they do grow when you keep at it! You'll be saving *properly*—doing it all by yourself—in a real, grown-up way!

Fill in the coupon below and post it with your first saving to the Club Secretary. A Postal Order will do. He will send you your badge, pass book, paying-in book, and a letter telling you all about the Club.

TO: THE SECRETARY, C.E.B.S. CLUB
Please enrol me as a Full C.E.B.S. Club Member. I enclose shillings, to start my Club Savings account.

NAME

ADDRESS

DATE OF BIRTH

CHURCH OF ENGLAND BUILDING SOCIETY,
6 & 7 NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.



This is the badge for sensible savers!

ME TOO?

Of course! Every boy or girl who saves 5/- a month or more can join.



THE BRAN TUB

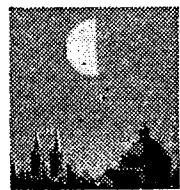
QUICK THINKING

HE had been asked to distribute the prizes at the local school; and before doing so was speaking on the benefits of education.

"Now, take arithmetic," he said. "If we are educated we know that two twos are four, that four fours are sixteen, that nine nines are—er—er—and take history."

OTHER WORLDS

IN the evening Jupiter is in the south-east. In the morning



Mars and Venus are in the south-east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 7.30 (Greenwich Time) on

Thursday morning, October 25.

Washing-day

OH dear! said Mrs. Centipede, It's washing-day tomorrow. A clothes-line I shall really need To beg, or buy, or borrow. With quite a hundred pairs of socks That must be washed and mended, As well as pinafores and frocks, My work is never ended.

BEDTIME CORNER

The guinea pig who ran away—

GUBBINS ought to have been the happiest guinea pig in the world. He had the cosiest hutch, plenty of good food and hay, a kind master named Philip, and a beautiful garden with fields and woods beyond. But he was not happy.

It was the garden, and the meadows, and the woods he could see which were the trouble. They looked so inviting. That Gubbins was sure that lots of friends and many kinds of adventures awaited him there if only he could get out.

Then, one day, Philip, in a hurry to get off to school, did not properly latch the hutch door after feeding him; and a little later Gubbins, leaning against the door, found that he could open it.

He did not waste a minute. Out of his hutch he hopped and scampering across the lawn enjoyed a nice salad of long grass growing by a border.

"Hi! You! That's our special grass!" cried Tom and Tim, the next-door cats. They stared indignantly at Gubbins. Then they said: "Go away!"



We don't want strangers here."

Gubbins was very upset, and hurried off through a hole in the fence into the meadows. Here, after merrily running round awhile, he began feasting on the short sweet turf. Then heavy hoofsteps and angry puffings made him look up.

"Hi! You!" cried the cows, Dolly and Daisy. "That's our grass. Go away. We don't want strangers here."

"Oh dear!" cried Gubbins, as he made for the edge of the woodland. "How unfriendly everyone is!" But he cheered up when he found some delicious clover.

Scarcely had he taken a nibble, however, when angry heads popped out of the holes. With one voice all the rabbits cried: "Hi! You! That's our clover. Go away! We don't want strangers here!"

Poor Gubbins felt completely crushed. "If that's what it's like out here," he cried, "I'm better off in my hutch after all." And, turning round, he made all speed back home.

JANE THORNICROFT

JACKO AND CHIMP ARE TAKEN FOR A RIDE



Looking round the menagerie, Jacko and Chimp saw two cassowaries.



They were soon off to a flying start on these large running birds.



And they were off to a flying finish when the birds stopped!

TRANSPPOSITION

I AM fat and well-favoured when made up complete; Curtail, and you'll find me quite wholesome to eat. Restore me my tail, and in lieu take my head—Like feathers I'm light, or as heavy as lead.

Answer next week

Quick results

"ARE you sure that an advertisement in your paper will bring results?" asked a man in a small country newspaper office.

"Absolutely," said the manager. "Why, last Monday a man advertised for a lost dog, and on Wednesday the dog walked into the office."

Sweeping statement

SAID a thrifty old farmer from Reading,

"When trees start their autumnal shedding

I wander for miles,

Sweeping leaves into piles,

Which I give to my cattle for bedding."

COUNTRYSIDE FLOWERS

REST HARROW grows on dry soil and where the land is poor.

The pretty, pea-shaped flowers bloom in various shades of pink and are streaked with dark red. Unlike most members of the pea family, each flower grows singly on a short stalk. They spring from where the



leaf and stem join. The stems are tough and hairy, usually trailing along the ground. Leaves grow in the form of three small leaflets, and are slightly sticky.

The plant is a troublesome one to farmers.

A cup of tea

IF you are too hot it will cool you; if you are too cold it will warm you; if you are depressed it will cheer you; and if you are excited it will calm you.

W. E. Gladstone

CHAIN QUIZ

Each solution is linked to the next, the last two letters of the first answer being the first two of the second, and so on.

1. English architect (1632-1723), for some years a professor of astronomy; designed St. Paul's, part of Westminster Abbey, and many London churches.

2. Valley of the Alps on the Swiss-Austrian frontier, popular as a health resort; some of its inhabitants speak a language called Ladin.

3. One of the rare gases of the atmosphere; it is widely used for advertisements in tubular lamps, and also for airfield beacons.

4. One of the great farming provinces of Canada; it also has many rich mineral deposits and is the world's chief source of nickel.

Answer next week

The Children's Newspaper, October 27, 1951

FARMER GRAY EXPLAINS

A DOUBTFUL ASSET. "Your tortoise is in my garden again," complained Don to his sister Ann.

"Well you should be pleased; he'll eat the slugs," Ann retorted.

"He ate my Canterbury Bells before," replied Don sharply.

"The man at the pet-shop said tortoises are useful in the garden," insisted Ann.

"He was exaggerating a bit," chuckled Farmer Gray, overhearing Ann. "Tortoises are mainly vegetarians. They may occasionally eat a slug or a worm, but their food is mostly greenstuff. Dandelions and lettuce are particularly appreciated; but, as Don has discovered, tortoises are not averse to eating flowers. Tortoises like a drink; a shallow pan of water, sunk into the ground, is the best arrangement."

Early bird

THE boy was applying for work at a shop.

"Will I soon get the opportunity to rise?" he asked the owner.

"Certainly, my boy," replied the shopkeeper. "You can come in at seven in the morning and open the shop."

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Riddle-my-name
Simon (S-I'm-on)

Missing letters
Siren, fired, fried,
peril, merit, rinse

Chain Quiz
Flamingo, Goldsmith, thyroid, Idris

E	M	I	T	A	R	I	D
D	I	N	E	R	S	A	
G	R	A	S	S	E	T	
E	R	A	S	E	O	N	E
O	R	E	M	A	R		
A	R	E	A	R	A	L	
P	S	A	L	M	S	G	O
S	O	P	I	N	E	S	
E	D	I	T	C	O	D	E

HO(A)RSE?
GO-SUCK A
ZUBE



You'll love the taste of Zubes—and they'll keep you feeling warm, however cold the weather! You can buy them loose and in tins.